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Furlough Number

SPECIAL ARTICLES

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Furlough Experiences

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Old Franciscan Padres of California

Rev. Norman C. Whittemore

Colours and Contrasts in Korea

Mrs. Kathleen Gorman

Christianity in Palestine

Rev. George Ricker Berry, D. D.

AUGUST, 1937.

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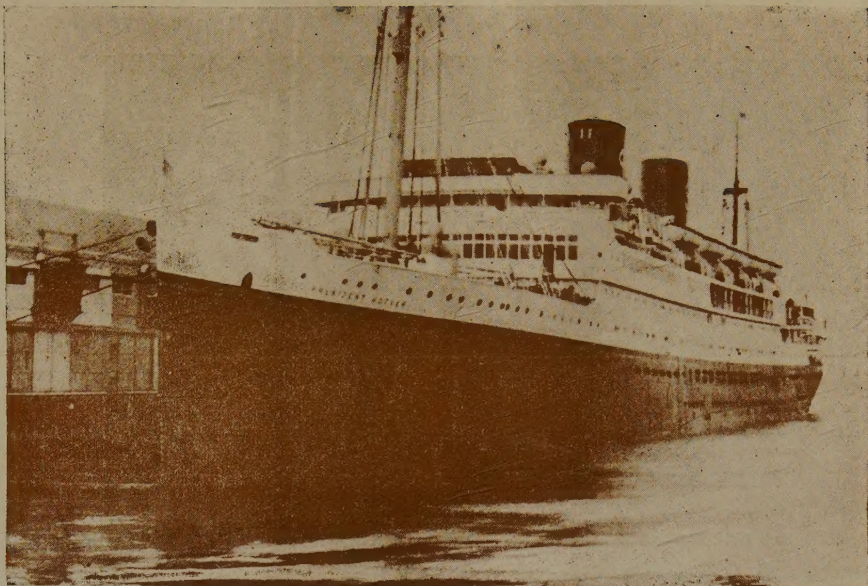
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Above: S. S. President Hoover sailing from San Francisco

Below: Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Becker, aboard the Hoover"

Pictures furnished by Mr. J. H. Morris

(See P. 159)

*Albion College
graduates-*



JERUSALEM FROM MT. SCOPUS, APRIL, 1937

(The large white building, right centre, is the very beautiful Rockefeller Museum of Antiquities)

Picture furnished by Miss Katherine Wambold

(See P. 168)

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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VOL. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1937

No. 8

Furloughs

THERE IS A saying that the only things that are certain in this world are "death and taxes". To these the foreign missionary might add, "furloughs". They are expensive in time and money but they must be taken. Some of the Catholic missions get along without furloughs and in other missions nothing is promised. But in most missions the furlough is the regular thing. Frequently the furlough is antedated; sometimes it is postponed; usually it is taken per schedule, "whether or no". To the missionary wife with small children, the furlough is often a hardship with no rest, no study, no speaking. Visiting and travel are hardships. For her the best prospect is to settled down in a comfortable apartment for missionaries and "stay put".

Usually medical advice is in favor of the furlough, "without fail". Often the doctor orders a leave of absence for health reasons. Missionaries who have money can "work it" to get away for a few months, but there is no sure system by which the missionary who needs the furlough most can get it, except by health leave which missionaries dread.

Some years ago a study was made of furloughs in the largest Mission in Korea, covering a period of 21 years and 10 months. Data was collected for 145 members of the Mission who had had one or more furloughs. Their average term of service within this period was

16 years, which is longer than if resigned and deceased members had been included. These 145 missionaries had taken 236 regular and 41 proportionate furloughs. The average length of the regular furlough was 1 yr. 6 mos. and 4 days; and of the proportionate furlough, 7 mos. and 28 days. Of the total number, only 45 had served without taking a proportionate or extended furlough and of the 45, thirty four had had but one furlough. To put it differently, 53% of the regular furloughs by 60% of the missionaries extended beyond the regular furlough period. The time off the the field, counting all furloughs, was 16.5% of the total years of service.

Given an ideal group of missionaries with ideal medical control, the furlough might well be taken according to need, oftener for some than for others. But of course under such a system, some would feel cheated if they could not find some reason for taking a furlough. The only thing to do is to work out the best length of furlough for each particular field and apply the rule uniformly as far as possible. However, there are always loop holes. Each missionary should conscientiously be "regular" in regard to furloughs unless advised to the contrary by Mission and Board authorities. Taking a furlough is expensive and in certain cases, not taking a furlough is more expensive.

Is a Furlough a "Year of Peaceful Rest"?

CHAS A. SAUER

MOST MISSIONARIES deal lightly with the truth every time they refer to their furlough year while speaking to a Korean friend. The Korean word for the missionary furlough happens to be "ahn-sik-nyun", or "year of peaceful rest". Now a furlough is not a year of peaceful rest, and there would be little justification for a furlough in the sight of either the Korean or the American church if it were so.

The unfortunate phrase arises out of the attempt to use the word for Sabbatical year, which under the Mosaic legislation was the year when the land lay fallow. But, just as the Christian Sunday no longer implies absolute idleness within one's own domicile as was true of Mosaic legislation, so the Christian Sabbatical year has nothing in common with the Sabbatical year of Mosaic legislation except that it comes once in seven years.

It is true that both the Christian Sunday and the Christian Sabbatical year do imply rest. But we have learned that one set of muscles is used in one type of activities while another set of muscles is used in another. Hence a change of the type of work is also a rest, and cessation from activity is no longer the major idea in either the Christian Sabbath or in the Sabbatical year.

If we are to speak of the missionary furlough by some other term than Sabbatical year, or peaceful rest year, perhaps it would be well to inquire into the reason for furloughs. We speak of a furlough as a leave of absence from regular duty granted to those living in an environment entirely different from that to which they had been accustomed and at a distance from their native place such that it is only when a furlough is granted that they may have time to return.

Psychologically soldiers, sailors, business men as well as professional men living in a

foreign situation, seem to need such furloughs. Contacts with former scenes and former friends, seem to have an important contribution to make to the mental outlook and psychological health of the individual.

Physically, the furlough also makes an important contribution. To maintain health efficiency four regular cycles of rest must be observed, -daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, and in cycles of seven years. Each individual has periods of high and low ability in each of these five phases. Rest at night and on Sunday, on the frequent holidays, on the summer vacation and the Sabbatical year all have an important place in this Divinely ordered law of nature.

Let it be noted that with the exception of the daily rest period, these rest periods are not periods of inactivity, or absolute rest, but engagement in other activities away from the scene of the regular work. Sunday rest, annual vacation, and Sabbatical years are of no value unless the worker is away from the place of his usual occupation. No man ever successfully combined office and bedroom within four walls. He either does not work efficiently or he does not rest efficiently. There must be a change of scene.

Spiritually, these rest periods also make their contribution if the worker is religiously inclined. Periods for release from regular duty afford opportunity for more frequent communion with the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, and a new zeal and enthusiasm and a new confidence in the task at hand as a part of God's plan should make the returned worker a new, re-created being.

Hence we may say that the furlough, like the weekly day of rest or the annual vacation should prepare the worker mentally, spiritually, and physically for his task.

But there are two other main values of the furlough year, that one may speak of to the

Korean church as a definite part in the missionary program. The first of these is a specific preparation for future service. The doctor who learns nothing new after acquiring his diploma will soon be a back number. He would be foolish not to seek to take advantage of the experience and the experiments of his colleagues. The furlough year gives the doctor and the teacher and the preacher a release from regular duties so that they may have an opportunity to learn something of the trend of thought and practice in their professions.

This does not imply the necessity of a year spent in the classroom. It means being on the outlook for new ideas. Quite often these are better found by inquiring at the next school, the next hospital, the next parsonage. A furlough which does not result in hundreds of new suggestions for work, in new sermons, in new methods of teaching, in new methods of medical treatment is a furlough poorly spent and leaves the Korean church wondering what the missionary went to get in the first place.

The other very definite purpose of the missionary furlough arises out of the opportunity for cultivation of the missionary interest of the sending church. The personal visits in the homes, the public meetings, the noon-day luncheons, the after-noon teas, the contacts on trains and trams, give to hundreds of people the only direct impression they have of missionary life and missionary character. By far

the great majority of people who contribute to the missionary enterprise do so because they know a particular missionary, or are interested in a particular work with which some missionary is connected. The friendships made on furlough and the letters that go back and forth between furloughs are the most vital factors in keeping alive the missionary program. Missionary cultivation is not the work that any board secretary can accomplish; it is the job of the missionary, because he can do it most effectively. If the furlough year has not added to one's mailing list a goodly number of new friends to whom an occasional picture, post card, letter or circular is to be sent,—then again one may question if the furlough has been spent so as to do one of the two major things that a furlough should do.

Better health, a stronger religious conviction, new methods of work, a new list of mission friends,—these are some of the reasons for a furlough. If the missionary seeks these as he ought to do, then he owes his Korean friends an apology for mis-informing them as to the purpose of his year off by saying he was leaving for a year of peaceful rest.

If on the other hand the missionary does not do these things, then perhaps "peaceful rest year" is what he has had! He should then apologize to the Korean church, to the missionary body who carried the work in his absence, and to the missionary board for having taken any furlough at all!

Sowing by the Way

F. S. MILLER

He is fair - Ditto Mrs. M.

FILLED MY BAG with Christian temperance leaflets, mounted my wheel and rode across the river to the silk-mill region. On the way I jumped off every once in a while to give a leaflet to a passer-by. Among them were some silk-mill girls to whom leaflets were offered and politely accepted, though it is risky for a man to approach a young woman on the road.

The silk-mill is said to be run by a Christian Japanese widow. While they do not observe the Sabbath,—perhaps she is a Plymouth sister;—they seem to treat the girls well. They have good dorm (itories) for them and teach them habits of cleanliness, for they always look well groomed, well dressed and well fed. It is a pleasure to see such well cared for young women. Still their work is hard with long

hours of working and with their hands in steaming water gathering the silk off the cocoons. It must be done by hand and in water that we could not put our hands into.

Mrs. Miller went over with her Bible women and asked for permission to speak to the girls at the noon hour but was refused; the last time it was promised at a less busy season. Pray that they may obtain permission to hold meetings there regularly. This work is much on our hearts.

Opposite the silk-mill is a Korean saloon kept by a man with only one leg and one arm. His red face and stupid countenance show that he is drinking too much of his stock. I gave him a leaflet entitled, "Wine makes one foolish". He asked me to go across the yard to his room and brought out a commentary on Matthew and another book and said he had a lot of Christian books in his room. It seems he used to attend church and study the Word but has fallen away. He lost his limbs in a railway accident and thinks the saloon business is all he can do for a living. After a quiet talk on not being discouraged and trusting God to find a living for him that would not be sinful, he said he would start to attend church.

Over the hill in a farming village I called on a blindman who had repulsed us on the last visit. He came out to the gate and listened respectfully. Then he asked me to say something in English. I said, "If you will believe in Jesus you will find God's blessing in this life and eternal happiness in the next. He asked for a translation and seemed more impressed than he had been by previous remarks. When we left, he bade a polite good-bye instead of an insulting growl, as before.

When I told the Station about him at prayer-meeting, Dr. Lowe asked me more particular about the village and said the man had been at the dispensary. That accounted for his change of mind toward us, perhaps.

Another day I loaded up with leaflets and went to where they were building the new dyke. The men and boys came from the bed of the stream, each with a basket of sand on

his carrying rack, like streams of ants. Each dumped his load and received a ticket. I stood to one side and gave each a leaflet, speaking a few words when there was time for it. In this way they received several hundred leaflets to take to, I do not know how many, villages and be read by their little lamps in the evening, with the women and children listening. Committing the results to God, I came back through the town.

In a saloon by the old dyke I found a crowd listening to a fiddler playing on a two stringed fiddle. He was an old man, almost blind, and threw all his soul and body into his music. He was sitting tailor fashion and in some way I could not quite make out, he would rise from the floor at certain places in the music that impressed him. Some time he would name an animal and then imitate it on his fiddle, making the crowd burst into laughter. Really it was a worth while show and I felt led to repay him my share and then tell him of the Saviour who would restore him to a new manhood, taking away his taste for alcohol, that was ruining his health, and give him a new body with seeing eyes, and ears that would hear most glorious music all through eternity. He had gathered the congregation and I did the preaching and the saloon keeper made no objections, even listening attentively.

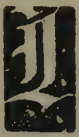
Mrs. Miller and I take leaflets with us on our walks in the evenings. She takes the alphabet leaflet for the women and children and I something for the men and older boys. One day as we came back along the stream we found a young man trying to walk with a cane. We asked him what was the trouble and he said he had an abcess on his leg and had no money with which to have it cured. We gave him a note to Dr. Lowe offering to pay the expenses if he would treat the pitiful case. He told us afterwards that it was one of the worst abcesses he had treated in this land of abcesses. The young man was finally cured and started to attend church. As he lives in a village where the young folks of the church run a village Sabbath School and where we hope to have a church, we trust, that this little lift will help to build up the work there.

Furlough Experiences

R. M. WILSON

Clovis, New Mexico, Apr. 10, 1937

Dear Fellow Missionaries:



AM HERE in the New Mexico barrens for two days, waiting for my next appointment and shall pass a bit of the time giving you the news. From March 24th to April 15th I am making the eight Presbyterials of Texas besides quite a number of other speaking engagements. Among the impressions are the vastness of these Texas areas—barren sections; the new mysterious dust storms, one of which I was in for two days; and lack of trees and moisture; yet it is a great state.

Just a word about this city of 10,000 people. I stopped at the best hotel, the only ten story building in the state. As I ate my breakfast I looked into an open saloon with ten thousand bright, shiny bottles. At noon I tried a nice looking restaurant but here too was an open saloon in the back. For supper I searched the town for an eating place without whiskey bottles but there "ain't no such". The only thing they do not allow here and for which the police will arrest you, is having the cork out of the bottle as you pass from the saloon to your room. The doctors here had a big operation, removing splinters from a Scotchman's tongue because someone spilt a little whiskey on the floor. In every hotel lobby and on every turn, are gambling slot machines which are patronized more by women than by men and where you always lose. Every little while a man comes around and carries off bushels of nickles. Without doubt our civilization has gone backwards. Seven items of death and crime are on the front page of this morning's paper.

Clovis is a typical western town—pistols in every other window and whiskey in the rest; streets jammed with people on Saturday night as I write; farmers of wheat, kafircorn, and stock; no trees and this the only town of any

size within a radius of one hundred miles. And jack rabbits, I never saw the like before. In fifty shots with a 22, I got only two but a native expert got only one. They are usually 150 yards away and run like lightning. We must have jumped up forty in a short walk. On our second day we tried chasing them in our car across wheat fields and got nine.

Did you ever hear of bank night in the movies? You draw and the lucky number gets you anywhere from 50 to 150 dollars. It seems that the country has gone back spiritually and morally. Nothing seems to shock; the nuder the picture, the better; the more crime and murder, the happier the news reporters are. The race between communism and fascism is not only in Europe; it is here also and will be the causa belli of the next war. I do not want to appear pessimistic but it is time to warn, to brace ourselves for terrible things ahead, to instruct our children and prepare them and to "save ourselves from this untoward generation". This is certainly a time for prayer and revival. It is not strange that revivals are very unpopular these days.

While there is not the interest in missions that there was a few years ago, yet the women of our church are active, keen and wide awake. At some of the meetings there have been 250 women present.

I think the most royal and splendid week's engagement that I have enjoyed was in Cleveland in the Baptist churches where I spoke ten times, was taken to clubs and dinners and shown hospitals. I saw surgery and met Dr. Crile and other prominent men. I asked Dr. Crile if he knew Ludlow and his reply was, "I raised him". The doctors took me out to skeets and while it was my first introduction to the sport, I got 21 out of 25 shots and then they dared to call me an old timer. Mrs. Bailey who visited our colony at Kwangju

years ago, and who teaches a great Bible class, has done much for missions in Korea, as has also Mrs. Noteman who has a Bible class. It was a joy to see the staunch faith and Christian activity of all these good people.

I spent a Saturday and Sunday in the Leper Colony at Carville, La. and would like to tell you a bit about this visit. Without doubt it is the best equipped and most expensive colony in the world. Each leper has his own private room., radio, phonographs and the food is that of the best hotel. They have wards and nurses for the blind, crippled and for any others who may need nursing care. The cost is \$3.50 per day per case. There is everything one can desire in the way of X-ray, drugs and equipment. But from a medical and curative standpoint, things are not nearly as encouraging as with us in Korea. In fact, treatment here is most discouraging. They examine certain cases monthly for a year and if the bug is not found, they are discharged as arrested cases, even though there is deformity. Many of these return after a visit away.

Now let's compare their results with ours at Soonchun where we have 750 cases to 375 here. They had 27 deaths here last year to our 15; they have a dozen mental cases to our one; they have about twice the number of blind that we have,—about 75 to our 30; they have about thirty with tracheotomy tubes to our two; their mutilated advanced cases are about five times the number that we have.

Now why is this? One reason, I think, is the fact that the people here do not have the resistance, nor can they bear leprosy as can the Korean. It is looked upon by the public with such a horror that this probably drives many insane. The spiritual atmosphere in our plants in Korea is so much better than here where there are Protestant and Catholic churches and often strife and bitter feeling. In the morning service only 23 of the 375 came out to the meeting and you know they missed a great deal by not hearing my sermon. I believe the most important point of difference is in the fact that we get our cases out into the open; our farming and work brings joy and contentment.

Conditions here are like they are in Hawaii where treatment is most discouraging; evidently the patients do not have resistance; they melt away and decay from the disease far worse than with us. Most of the Hawaiian doctors have not faith whatever in chaulmoogra oil treatment. I hear that one of them is trying to get chaulmoogra oil removed from the pharmacopoeia as a useless thing.

I wish that some of these men could come to Korea and see how well, happy and active our 85 children are in their school, games and races. I believe that in Korea we should try to get more of the early stage cases, treat them a few years and send them out, keeping of course the very miserable and helpless ones. I will try and stop at Honolulu and see the work there.

United Church of Canada Mission

MRS. E. A. KNECHTEL

The 39th Annual Council Meeting of the Korea Mission of the United Church of Canada convened at Wonsan Beach from July 1st to 9th with the Chairman Mr. G. F. Bruce, B. Paed., presiding.

A Dominion Day service was held on July 1st at 11 A. M. and in the afternoon a program of sports followed by a supper and short entertainment were enjoyed by the members of the Beach community.

On July 2nd and 3rd a helpful Mission Retreat was held, when there was discussion and meditation on personal and religious topics.

The Council was privileged to welcome to the Mission two new members, Miss Elda Daniels and Miss Florence Taylor, R. N., B. Sc. Miss Greenbank, the fraternal from the Japan Mission of the United Church of Canada, brought greetings and told in a very interesting manner of their work in Japan.

Old Franciscan Padres of California

NORMAN C. WHITEMORE

The Rev. N. C. Whittemore came to Korea in 1896 as a member of the Northern Presbyterian Mission. For more than 30 years he was the senior member of the Syenchun Station in northwest Korea where there are now four presbyteries and over 60,000 professing Christians. In recent years Mr. Whittemore was Administrative Secretary of the Christian Literature Society, Seoul, until on account of Mrs. Whittemore's health they returned to the U. S. A. in 1935 and have resided much of the time since in California. This article reveals one of Mr. Whittemore's hobbies during his enforced absence from Korea. In connection with this article read also Ramona by Helen Hunt Jackson. Recent word is to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore may return to Korea this fall.

ONE OF THE interesting incidents of the past two winters spent in California has been the opportunity to visit the old missions of the Franciscan fathers of the 18th and 19th centuries, and to read of their labors for the Indians of the Pacific Coast. One does not have to agree with all of the ideas and practices of other workers in order to receive benefit from a study of their work.

I would urge all American missionaries and those from other lands who are traveling by California to visit as many of these old missions as they can conveniently. For those traveling by motor, going south along the California coast, at least 10 of the old missions can easily be visited between San Francisco and Los Angeles without going more than 3 or 4 miles off the main route (No. 101 between those cities). South of Los Angeles on the way to San Diego there are four others including some of the most beautiful in the state. If interested in the subject, do not postpone your visit, as many of the old missions which have been in ruins are being restored and modernized, and so are losing some of their artistic and architectural attraction. This is especially true of the Carmel Mission where the founder of the chain, Fra Junipero Serra is buried. The present modernized structure is nothing like as impressive or interesting as the old ruins which I visited in 1916.

First, a word of caution; do not be discouraged if you first visit the Mission Dolores in San Francisco and feel that there is nothing inspiring about it. It is the least interesting

of any that I have visited and it has not been as well preserved as some of the others. The interior wall decorations are gone and it is not now used as a parish church as are Ventura and Santa Inez, and is located on a modern city boulevard and overshadowed by an enormous modern church. The present priests are naturally absorbed in the work of the large American congregation and do not have the time to be interested in the historic relic of a former work for the Indians.

I have visited seventeen of the twenty-one Missions of the original chain besides the sites of several sub-missions (or Asistencias) and always come away with a feeling of respect for the old Padres.

Of these seventeen, the mission at Santa Barbara is the best known and perhaps the most interesting from the architectural point of view. It is also one of the most easily visited as it is right in the city. San Juan Bautista, a little south of San Jose, has more of the old Mexican setting in that many the old buildings on the plaza are standing and still in use.

Santa Inez has some of the best preserved of the old Indian paintings on the walls of the chancel; it is also impressive and is used today as the parish church for its busy agricultural neighborhood. San Antonio de Padua is largely in ruins but as it is back in the hills, the remains of much of its former industrial establishment nearby are easily visited with the aid of the numerous signs.

The first thing that impressed me when I visited these old sites was the devotion and consecration of the old Franciscans to the

work of saving and up-lifting the Indians. California rightly honors with many statues and monuments the founder of these missions, Fra Junipero Serra. He was a man of the most indomitable energy and self-sacrifice. Never sparing himself, walking thousands of miles up and down the coast although suffering from an old injury to his leg which most of the time gave him excruciating pain. While traveling he generally slept on the ground; when at the Missions he always slept on a bare bench with neither cushion nor mattress. He ate sparingly of the commonest and poorest food and drank no wine. During his sixteen years labors in California (1768-84) nine of the missions were established by him or under his direction. During his administration as "Presidente" 5,800 Indians were converted. Such, in a word, was the life of this man, absolutely consecrated to the service of his Master.

The chain of missions was fostered by the Spanish government as a means of securing control of an unsettled domain and to head off the Russian advance from the north. Although the original companies were outfitted, in part at least, at government expense, the annual grants for their support were very small. These grants, too, came from the so-called "Pious Fund" contributed by devout Catholics and never yielded more than \$500 annually per mission. And this money, too, was soon alienated to other uses. The missions, in short, were expected to be self-supporting and most of them were soon able to become so.

The work of the Christian Indians in the fields, orchards and pastures brought in abundant returns and the coffers of the missions were in many cases full to overflowing. With our present day ideas regarding labor, one may feel that the Indians were not given a proper share of the profits. Nevertheless we must admit that they were able to live in greater peace and plenty than before the coming of the padres.

The Franciscans were a practical folk and taught the converts all manners of trades and

industries. Probably the most permanent contribution to the life of the coast was the introduction of all kinds of fruit. The climate, of course, favored their efforts, but they were responsible for the introduction into California of the fruit-raising industry which has since developed to such vast proportions.

They also taught the raising of horses, cattle, and sheep. The Indians were taught how to tan the hides, and how to work the tallow. The hides and tallow from the Missions were the first articles to be exported from California.

They also taught the Indians to construct enduring buildings from adobe bricks and good tiles, the substantial character of which is shown by the Missions still in use. The Indians were instructed in dozens of other trades which they had not known before. Instruction was not confined to the fields and shops.

Singing was one of the subjects in which the neophytes were well instructed and the singing by the Indian choirs in the church services was frequently commented upon favorably by visitors to the mission. Some of the more skillful were taught to write beautiful scores for the church choirs. Fine examples of this music can still be seen in the museums connected with the missions.

The Indians unquestionably had to work hard and for long hours, but the days were not all work as times of relaxation and play were provided. Even today, at some of the missions the places where the sports and plays were held are still visible. Certainly, for the emphasis on industrial work, the padres may well be commended. Even after the most cursory consideration of the Franciscan's methods of handling the Indians, one has to admit that they were better than those employed by most of our Atlantic Coast ancestors. With the exception of a few workers such as David Brainard, John Elliot, and Jonathan Edwards and the Moravian missionaries, most of the eastern settlers regarded a dead Indian as better than a live one.

With the religious instruction given, we naturally can have less in common except as we all hold the great underlying truths of the Christian religion of one Father, God, the Creator, Jesus Christ his son, and the Saviour of the world, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit. These essential truths and the sacraments in the Roman forms were zealously taught the Indian converts.

The Franciscans founded the missions with the help of the Spanish soldiers as guards but whenever it was possible, the mission was located at a distance from the presidio, as the priests fully realized the demoralizing influence of the rough soldiery on the Indian converts. As examples of this desire on the part of the missionaries, notice the location of the mission in San Francisco which is several miles from the presidio. In Carmel the mission is still further removed from the old military headquarters in Monterey,

Someone may raise the question, why if the padres' methods were good, is there so little left to show for their labors? First, it must be admitted that the California Indians with whom they worked were largely of the Digger

tribes, a type which is generally considered one of the poorest of all the American Indians! But more disastrous for the work of the Franciscan missionaries was the Mexican Government's secularization law in 1833 which displaced the missionary from the leadership of the missions and put the property in the hands of unsympathetic political appointees. The padres were in most cases compelled to leave the mission and the converts, and those who stayed could only live in the most abject poverty.

Then in 1846 following the seizure of California by the United States, most of the Indians' lands were seized by the government, for the benefit of the white settlers, and the occupants scattered and driven into the mountains. It was no wonder that the converts fell away and the work of the padres was dissipated. Nevertheless, we may well consider these good points in the work of the Padres which have been mentioned and commend these early missionaries for their consecration and devotion to the work of saving and teaching the Indians.

Colours and Contrasts in Korea

KATHLEEN GORMAN

Mrs. Gorman since the lamented death of her husband, Mr. Arthur Gorman of the Standard Oil Company, has been a music teacher in Seoul in Ewha College for Women, in the Seoul Foreign School and in giving private lessons. This article is quoted from an address she frequently gave in Canada while on furlough.

WHEN I WAS in New York eleven years ago, it happened that I bought a dress in a certain shop on Fifth Avenue where a sale was in progress. The bright little sales girl asked me for my address, saying she wished to send me a notice of future specialties. I laughed and said,—“I am afraid I will be too far away to attend your sales. I live in Seoul, Korea.” The girl hesitated, looked puzzled, scribbled something, went out of the fitting room but soon returned, and with a face like a

question mark, blurted out,—“Where is this place Korea?”

The tourist who spends a day or so in Korea, makes a breathless tour of Seoul, and visits some old temples and palaces, guided by Sin Song, the irrepressible curio dealer, who eventually leads the party to his musty but fascinating shop. There, the susceptible tourist falls an easy prey, and soon becomes the joyous possessor of the long pipe and top hat peculiar to the Korean man, a precious “old” cash chest trimmed with wonderful

carved brass or wrought iron, and a string of "old" amber beads. When he leaves, he knows something of Korea.

We do not deny this. But, there are some bits of local colour regarding the country, people, and effects upon the lives of the "foreigners" (or aliens) residing there, that must be lived with, to know. So, from an experience of fifteen years of life in Korea, we endeavor to give here some pictures of colour and contrast which we hope may be found interesting or amusing.

First, a word about the physical features, as that has a most important effect upon life in any country.

Almost the entire country is mountainous—one is never out of sight of mountain scenery in Korea. Statistics show that less than one-fourth of the whole country is cultivable land,

There is colour in the landscape even in winter. The evergreen of pines against the terra cotta tints of the soil on the hill sides, the browns and grays which become purple in the distant mountains—all this is stamped upon one's memory. Korea has a beauty all its own which pulls at the hearts of those who have lived there for any length of time.

Rugged hills rising one after another, with picturesque plains and valleys between, compose a landscape of almost monotonous grandeur.

Grass grows sparsely and with difficulty in Korea, owing to the sandy, clay-like composition of the soil, and one misses there, the green meadows and luxuriant lawns of one's home country. The native variety is tough. It is chiefly found growing over the hillside burying places, where, under muffin shaped grassy mounds, the ancestors of the Koreans have lain for centuries.

But there are compensations for the absence of turf and meadow landscape. The wonderful early spring brings beauty and charm, and a song of hope and joy to one's heart. First, the azaleas, when the hill sides are splashed with pink and mauve as though a giant artist had daubed his colours with

a lavish brush. Next the plum and apricot blossoms, and then the Cherry Blossom Festival when everyone takes a holiday to adore and enjoy the wondrous extravagance of beauty. In the old East Palace garden in Seoul, the cherry trees have been cultivated for display, special floral attractions are arranged and thousands of people throng there daily while the Festival is on. There are long avenues of cherry trees whose branches, laden with dense snow white bloom, meet overhead. At night, rows of bright lights are shaded underneath to throw the light into the branches. The blossoms seem to draw a mystic curtain over the outside world, and one walks through a fairy world of beauty.

Flowers follow flowers. Hedges of forsythia, ablaze with yellow bloom, violets, lilies of the valley, and giant iris. Every morning as one sits at breakfast, through the open door come the songs of the birds, mingled with the voices of the little Korean flower boys calling, "Puin, got chum sasipseo" (Lady, please buy flowers). When you see the huge "chigi" load which the small boy has carried on his back up your long flight of stone steps and around your twisting path, you really cannot disappoint him. Also, he will scold you well if you do not buy!

The call of the Great Outdoors is strong, and, the first free day we don our hiking togs, pack lunch in a knapsack, and fare forth for a tramp in the mountains, with some ancient temple, shrine, or beauty spot as our objective. Every foot of the trail is full of interest or beauty. We pass some of the few remaining devil posts whose hideous faces at the top are to frighten the evil spirits from our path. As we near the temple we are fortunate enough to see a religious dance in action, which seems to combine gymnastics with sacred worship. We wander about the Temple yard, examining the oriental architecture, the carved monkeys on the roof, the grotesque figures painted in brilliant colours on the walls and ceilings of the buildings. Or we remove our shoes and walk quietly

about, inside the cool halls of the temple, keenly interested in the images of Buddah, or other gods, incense bowls, wall hangings, gongs and altars. The hustle and bustle of the modern world is far away and we breathe an atmosphere of thousands of years ago.

Another favorite excursion is to follow the wall of Seoul, that historic land mark built over five hundred years ago, which circles the city in a circumference of fourteen miles. We do well if we reach even half way, so difficult is the climb and tortuous the way. The wall was built for protection against invasion and follows the steepest and most treacherous parts of the mountains surrounding Seoul. The battlements are perforated with openings for shooting arrows in the old days. There are several very interesting gates still standing.

Speaking of colour, the brightest spots on the Korean landscape are the vivid colours of the dresses of the children. What we would term poisonous greens, cerises, purples and yellows, are dear to the Korean eye. A vivid purple skirt (*chima*) with a blinding cerise waist (*chogeri*) tied with yellow sashes of the brightest hue, is a most satisfying and pleasing combination to the eye of the Korean!

Korea goes by the old Chinese or lunar calendar, and New Year comes, usually some time in February, there are two most important customs or traditions that must be observed—all bills and outstanding accounts must be settled before the New Year, if they are ever to be settled—and all the children of the family must have bright new clothes. So, as the New Year draws near, the women of the household sit cross-legged, stitching patiently on the new clothes, of the same style and cut that tradition has decreed for centuries, while their creditors hopefully shadow the doorway, bowing politely, leisurely chating of this and that—but not of the subject in question—and finally departing, with a politely pointed promise to return this evening—or tomorrow!

On New Year's morning, the men of the

household emerge, proudly leading the children in their new and dazzling clothes—the more children, the better, and the more sons, the prouder! A few girls, to work for the men of the family, is a good thing, otherwise it is "just too bad" that they were not sons. The children's costumes are a replica of their father's and mother's (except that the adults' clothes are white). So, these black eyed babies, like miniature men and women, are often quite adorable,—if their faces and noses happen to be clean! We always made it a point to take a drive around the city on New Year's morning, to see the streets, which present a kalaidescopic scene of animated colour. I said "bright" colours in speaking of the children's clothes—according to the time of year they are "bright"—for these New Year clothes are supposed to last them until the next New Year! And as the year wears on, they become dingier and dingier!

The national costume of Korea is white, owing to the fact that, white being worn for mourning in the Orient, the Koreans at one time in their history, had such prolonged occasions to wear white in national mourning, that it came to be adopted as the permanent costume. The modern trend is toward other colours, as the Korean sees the impracticability of white.

The costume is quaint! A short jacket tied on the right side, with huge baggy trousers drawn in at the ankle, suggestive of the Turk, for the man; and the same for the woman with the addition of a long full skirt which is pleated into a band wrapped tightly around the body under the arm pits. Over this for both sexes may be worn a long top coat called "tourumagi." This traditional costume has been worn without marked change of style for hundreds, possibly thousands of years. No fashion books or style problem for the Korean! There is a ridiculous little crinoline top hat which ties under the chin, for the self respecting man, and an extraordinary silk bonnet with an open top and long winglike

sides edged with fur, which the woman wears with dignity in cold weather. It looks much like a large shoe worn upside down. Why not? Does not the modern Occidental girl "walk beside" a pancake or twisted bit of something which she calls her hat?

Not the least among the Korean man's accessories, is his long pipe, which varies in length from fifteen inches to three or four feet. The ordinary man tucks this pipe down his neck, between his back and his clothes, when not in use, and it protrudes above his ears or his hat, as part of his outfit, together with his oiled paper fan in hot weather.

Few people realize that Korea has a civilization as old as Egypt, India, Babylon or China, in fact as old as human history. And when we think the Korean slow moving, crude, and backward, we need to remember that he had a culture three or four thousand years ago, when our forbears were savages or cave man.

Confucianism had a very deep and lasting influence on old Korea. It made its strongest impress upon the social system, stressing ethical conduct, ancestral and spirit worship, and these teachings and traditions dominate the home life of the Korean.

When we see a small Korean wife, meekly walking behind her lord and master, carrying a heavy load on her head, and a child on her back while her husband carries nothing, we think of the man, "lazy wretch" and of the woman, "poor martyr." But we do not realize that the man is merely conducting himself with proper dignity as ruler of his household, while the woman is fulfilling her ideals of wifely submission, humility, modesty, and faithful service to her lord!

This same lord and master often has burdens of his own to bear, for if he has any income, be it large or small, his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" all come to live under his roof, and as this also is an age-old tradition, he must bear it patiently even if he becomes bankrupt under the burden. We knew of a clever young Korean doctor on a hospital staff, who received a very moderate

salary. After he was established, about thirty relatives came to live with him, and his career was almost ruined. But that being old Korean custom, he must not complain.

Young people do not choose each other in marriage in Korea. When a girl or boy reaches marriageable age—perhaps fifteen or sixteen years (in the old days it was much younger), the parents begin to look about for a suitable mate, and the young person involved has nothing whatever to say in the matter. To our ideas of love and romance, this seems hard, cruel and despotic—but to the Korean, our custom is unwise, careless, and uncultured. How can the young choose for themselves? Their elders have infinitely more wisdom in choosing a suitable husband or wife from a stand-point of health, wealth and equality of class. The filial piety and reverence for elders which has come down through the ages from the teachings of Confucius, prevails over any personal feelings the young couple may have, and in most cases they meekly submit to their parents' judgment. In recent years, however, the modern youth of Korea is inclining toward emancipation from this parental authority regarding social intercourse and marriage. And in many cases they overstep the bounds of freedom and propriety even according to our standards.

For the parents involved, this arranging of a marriage is no easy matter. It is a far more complicated matter than the buying of a new house or lot of land. There must be a third person or "go-between," who holds all the arrangements in his hands. There are many preliminaries, much ceremony, many meetings sending back and forth of presents, discussion, haggling over settlements, etc. Sometimes, when arrangements are almost completed, one party or the other backs out, and it has all to be done over again. But at last the bargain is clinched and the day is set for the wedding. The groom elect sends gifts of cloth in a special marriage box, to his prospective bride.

Often these marriages are successful in a mild way, and the couple become fond of each other. Sometimes they fail.

Among the brightest spots of local colour in Korea are the funerals! And one has not seen the embodiment of old Korean tradition, custom, and religion, until one has seen a funeral procession of the old type—particularly that of a person of rank or wealth. One might almost say that the greatest event of a Korean's life is his funeral! Certainly, a Korean funeral is seldom in accordance with the circumstances of the family involved. Often a man who has no money, will borrow for his father's funeral—mortgaging all he possesses and in all probability carrying the debt for the rest of his life. This custom of elaborate and costly weddings and funerals which is based on ancestral worship, is one of the things that young Korea is trying to change—and gradually this will, no doubt, be brought about, but it will take time to wipe out traditions of thousands of years.

Hearing in the distance, the approach of the weird funeral song of Korea, I always went out of my way, to see what was often a grand spectacle of Oriental colour and atmosphere, depending on the status of the deceased one. For a person of high rank, the huge palanquin—a gorgeous work of art, covered with scarlet tapestries, cloth of gold and gilt—is carried high upon long poles resting on the shoulders of twenty, thirty, perhaps fifty men, while long ropes extending from these poles, rest on the shoulders of perhaps hundreds more.

Priests stand at the four corners of the palanquin ringing bells, to dispel the evil spirits, and the men bearing the palanquin chant, a weird funeral song, also to scare away the devils. The long procession of mourners

and friends, dressed in sackcloth, follow behind, in Oriental chairs or in 'rickshas. Of late years the modern motor car is pushing its way into the funeral procession, spoiling all the ancient Oriental dignity.

We have endeavored to give a general picture of life in Korea, but it is a wide subject, and one can only touch on a few of the high spots. It would require another chapter to describe how the Korean woman does the washing of the white clothes—pounding them with a flat stick on a flat stone—or how the Koreans live, in the tiny houses with mud floors, scarcely high enough for us to stand upright—or how one must bargain long and skillfully for what one buys in Korea, and how the Korean pedler sings as he counts his apples in fives—or how everyone walks in the middle of the street, there being no sidewalks except in the modernized parts of the city. Traffic? you ask—yes, and motor cars and taxies galore, but life moves at a more leisurely, easy going speed than in the Occident. There are cinemas, yes, with good foreign films and bad.

If I have stressed too much, the old time customs of Korea, I must emphasize that there is a strong modern trend. The Korean is apt to lean over backwards in adopting Occidental customs, and to a certain extent there is a conglomerate blending of the old and the new in Korea, that is neither one thing nor the other.

Korea becomes almost as dear and familiar to us as our home lands; we grow very fond of this old world people, and our children who are born there—the "Korea Kids" club is growing—though proud of their own particular nationality, are never completely at home anywhere else. The "Land of the Morning Calm" has a call all its own.



Christianity in Palestine

GEORGE RICKER BERRY

Miss Katherine Wambold after nearly forty years in Seoul as a member of the Northern Presbyterian Mission, retired in 1934, since which time she has been residing in Jerusalem where she is a student in the American School of Oriental Research. A copy of this monograph on Christianity in Palestine by Dr. George Ricker Berry of the Rochester Divinity School, was given to Miss Wambold by the author who has spent several years in Palestine in research study. Because missionaries are Bible teachers and many of them avail themselves of the opportunity to visit the Holy Land enroute on furlough, it is thought fitting to publish this article in the "K. M. F." Editor.

III

Special Religious Features

(Continued from the July Number 1936)

Convents. Palestine has many religious orders.

THE FRANCISCANS have done some work in archeology. Recently they have been conducting excavations at and near Mt. Nebo, in Trans-jordan. Most of the Franciscans in Jerusalem, but not all, are Italians.

The Dominicans have a large establishment a short distance north of the Damascus Gate, on the Nablus Road. The convent is considered by them to be on the site of the martyrdom of St. Stephen. The Dominicans have distinguished themselves as archeologists, not so much in digging as in studying the results of excavations and writing on archeological matters.

The Benedictines devote special attention to the details of the ritual. There is a church of the German Benedictines outside the Zion Gate, Church of the Dormitio. In the crypt is shown the traditional place of the death of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

The Jesuits conduct a school, the Pontifical Biblical Institute, in a large building on the hill west of the Jaffa Gate. This is a Biblical and archeological school. Most of the students at the present time are theological students who come from Rome for some months of archeological study.

The Carmelites in Jerusalem belong to that division of the order known as Discalced. This word, meaning *barefooted*, is applied to

them because they have discarded shoes and stockings and adopted the wearing of sandals.

The Assumptionists have a church with a large tract of ground outside the walls of Jerusalem, southeast from the Zion Gate. They consider this to have been the site of the palace of Caiaphas, and also the place where Peter repented at the crowing of the cock.

Nature of the religious services. The services in all the churches of the Palestinians are ritualistic, usually with no sermon. At the church of the Latin patriarchate in Jerusalem, however, there is usually a brief sermon in English at one of the services on Sunday.

The Russian churches, here as elsewhere, have beautiful singing in their services. On special occasions their services are very long, frequently three or four hours.

Christmas Eve in Bethlehem. For several years the Young Men's Christian Association of Jerusalem has conducted a Christmas eve service at the Field of the Shepherds, where they own a plot of several acres, with a cave. This is actually about two miles east of Bethlehem. A supper is served first, consisting of delicious roast lamb, cooked on the ground, native style, together with native bread, in large warfer-like sheets. After this comes an informal service, with singing, scripture reading, prayers, and brief addresses.

This service comes in the early part of the

evening, and afterward one goes to Bethlehem. The choir from St. George's Church in Jerusalem usually sings carols at nine o'clock in the court of the Church of the Nativity.

Afterward comes the midnight mass, in the Latin chapel of the church, a large room, but always very much crowded. The service commences at about ten in the evening, the mass itself beginning at midnight. The Latin patriarch conducts the service, and consuls from several countries come from Jerusalem and occupy seats in the front of the church. At various times during the service the big bell of the church is rung. At a certain point during the mass a curtain is drawn back above the altar, and a wax image of a baby is seen. The concluding feature is a procession which carries the image of the baby down to the crypt, the traditional place of the birth of Jesus. The exact place of birth is marked with a star, in a small grotto in which are hung lamps of the Latins, the Orthodox, and the Armenians. The service is concluded at about two o'clock in the morning.

The Blessing of the Waters of the Jordan. This is a service conducted by the Greek Patriarch, or acting patriarch, on the Greek Epiphany, which comes on the eighteenth of January.

We left Jerusalem about eleven in the morning in 1936. We took the old road to Jericho, following the Wadi el-Kelt, traditionally identified with the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by ravens. At one point we stopped and, after walking a few steps, we looked down the almost precipitous side of the ravine and saw the Greek convent which clings to the opposite side. We saw also the channel cut in the rock, with many windings and twistings, which conducts the water from a spring farther up, the water being used for irrigation along the route, and finally the channel ends near Jericho. Some water from the spring is taken to Jerusalem; the rest all follows this irrigation channel.

Immediately after passing Jericho we left the macadam road leading to the Allenby

Bridge, and took a rough dirt road to the right, following this for several miles, passing some of the eroded heaps of marl which are characteristic of the lower Jordan valley. Shortly before reaching the bank of the river we came to a Greek convent, on the right of the road. Then we reached the traditional site of the baptism of Jesus, not far above the mouth of the Jordan. The river at this point is perhaps fifty or sixty feet wide, both banks being plentifully sprinkled with low-growing scrub.

On the right bank of the river, where we were, is an open structure, consisting of a platform and a roof of boughs. Here was a patriarchal throne, and tables prepared for the service. The service began in this structure at half past one, and was continued there for more than an hour. Then the procession proceeded down steps to the river and embarked on a boat that was in readiness. This boat was soon attached to a wire which had been stretched from bank to bank. The boat then moved back and forth across the river for more than half an hour, while the service went on in the boat. At one point a priest held three candles in one holder and made the sign of the cross with them in various directions. At another time the patriarch dipped his hand in the water from the side of the boat and moved it back and forth, repeating this three times. A few minutes later the same ceremony was performed again. As the culmination of the whole, the patriarch took a gold cross to which flowers had been tied and dipped it in the water. Several boats filled with spectators were near at this time, and two swimmers from them immediately plunged into the water, splashing the patriarch liberally, in the endeavor to secure some of the flowers. A little later the cross with the flowers was handed about among the boats and the occupants took the flowers. As soon as the ceremony of blessing was completed, many dipped themselves repeatedly in the water, and others drank the muddy water of the sacred stream. The boat with the patriarch and

officiating priests nearly went adrift after the ceremony, but finally, with some difficulty, they were landed at other steps farther down the stream.

There were perhaps a thousand people present, coming for the most part in automobiles, with a few buses. The larger part were Palestinians, with a small proportion of foreigners living in Palestine and tourists. Most of the people came early, and were eating lunch all along the bank. The ceremony ended about half-past three, and the crowd immediately scattered. This site had witnessed its one day of glory in the year.

The Ceremony of Feet-washing. This is practiced by most of the sects in Jerusalem, the time being on Maundy Thursday, the Thursday before Easter. The usual practice is that the patriarch, or other high official, performs the ceremony, representing Christ, and the number of those whose feet is washed twelve, usually high officials, representing the apostles. An exception is that in the Coptic ceremony, in the Convent of St. Antony, the feet of all those in the congregation are washed. The Latin ceremony takes place before the tomb in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and also in the Church of the Dormitio; the Armenian is held in their cathedral. The Orthodox ceremony is held in the court before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, upon a plat form erected for the purpose.

Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday. The Latin and Greek Churches follow the same general rule for fixing the date of Easter Sunday, viz., that it is on the first full moon falling on or after Mar. 21. But inasmuch as Mar. 21 in the two calendars differs by thirteen days, the Greek Easter may be much later than the Latin. The Uniate bodies follow the Latin calendar. The Greeks also follow a rule which the Latins do not observe, that Easter must always be later than the Jewish passover, never on the same date nor earlier. This rule, therefore, frequently brings the Greek Easter one week later than the Latin.

Both Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday are

observed in Jerusalem by the various sects with appropriate services, but these, for the most part have little that is special or peculiar to Palestine. The ceremony of blessing the palms is held in front of the tomb in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre by both the Latins and the Greeks. When both observe Palm Sunday on the same date, the service is at different hours. But when the Greek Easter is a week later than the Latin, the observance of Palm Sunday and Easter Sunday is going on more or less together. It is not only palms that are blessed, but also branches of olive trees; these are distributed to the congregation and carefully cherished with superstitious reverence.

The Ceremony of the Holy Fire. This takes place at noon on Saturday before Easter in the rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The participants are the Orthodox, the Armenians, the Copts, and the Syrian Orthodox, together with the Abyssinians as the guests of the Copts.

This custom goes back to the ninth century. The Latins took part in it for a time, but had ceased their participation by the seventeenth century. The Latins have a ceremony of blessing the new fire, which takes place before the tomb at six thirty in the morning of the same day. In this ceremony a fire is lighted with flint and blessed.

The Procession on the Via Dolorosa. This takes place every Friday afternoon at three fifteen. It is in charge of the Franciscans, but others are present, a few monks, some nuns, and a few besides, perhaps about seventy-five in all. The beginning is at the first station, thought to be Pilate's Judgment Hall, which is in the court of a school maintained by the Moslem Supreme Council. The Christians have permission to use the court on that day, there being no session of the school. Some Moslems look on from the balconies around the court.

The service at each station consists of a few prayers, during which the participants kneel. It is partly the same at each station.

The second station, the imposition of the cross, is at the foot of the steps leading down from the court, at the Convent of the Flagellation, a Franciscan monastery. Shortly after this station comes the Ecce Homo arch.

A guard goes along with the procession and attempts to stop the passers-by so that they may not interrupt the procession. At times there is difficulty, however, and almost a fight, when some one is insistent on passing.

We pass westward along the Via Dolorosa and reach King Solomon Street, which runs south from Damascus Gate. We turn left, and are in front of the Armenian Catholic Cathedral of Our Lady of the Spasm. Stations three and four have their separate observances in front of this church, the first fall of Christ, and the place where the Virgin fainted.

After a short distance along King Solomon Street we turn right, along a continuation of the Via Dolorosa. At the corner is the fifth station, the Chapel of Simon of Cyrene, where the cross was placed upon Simon. A little farther along this street is the sixth station, where Veronica wiped the face of Christ, in the crypt of L'Eglise de la Sainte Face et de Sainte Veronique, a church of the Greek Catholics.

We come to the Suq another street leading south from Damascus Gate, a busy market street. Immediately across the Suq is the seventh station, the second fall of Christ, a small Franciscan chapel, usually kept closed. Here, as at some other stations, the people crowding in the street jostle the worshippers, and sometimes donkeys pass along, with the usual shrill cry of the donkey boys, Awa, awa.

Crossing the Suq, with only a slight turn to the left, we pass along St. Francis Street for a short distance and come to the eighth station, the place where Christ spoke with the

daughters of Jerusalem, the Orthodox Monastery of St. Charalampos.

Then we return to the Suq, pass along it to the south for a short distance, climb a flight of stairs on the right, and come out on the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the ninth station, the third fall of Christ, at the door of the Coptic Monastery of St. Antony. We retrace our steps, come again to the Suq, go a short distance and turn right, through the Muristan, and enter the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre through a small, low door. The remaining stations are inside the church.

We enter the church, turn at once to the right, and go up the narrow, winding stairs to the Latin Chapel of Calvary. The leader goes about halfway along the chapel toward the altar, and there recites the prayers for the tenth station, the division of the vestments. For the eleventh station, Christ nailed to the cross, he advances to the altar. The twelfth station, the place where the cross was inserted, is at the Orthodox altar, in the chapel to the left of the Latin chapel. Here may be seen the holes where the three crosses were inserted, 2nd below is a rift in the ledge underlying the city, a rift which extends down to one side of the Chapel of Adam, below this. The thirteenth station, the descent from the cross, is at the altar of Stabat Mater. This is a small altar, between the Orthodox and Latin altars. The fourteenth station, the holy sepulchre, is the sepulchre of Christ, on the floor below, down the stairs and into the rotunda.

It should be said that many of the Latins do not consider these to be the authentic stations of the cross. In fact, it is well known that some of them have been observed only within comparatively recent times.



Book Chat IV.

ALLEN D. CLARK

ONE DAY, WHILE I was studying one of the Gospels in Korean with my language teacher, the first year we were on the field, he turned to me and said, "You know, I've always wished I could get hold of a life of Christ that was told in the words of Scripture, without any explanation or elaboration." I suggested a Harmony of the Gospels, such as Swallen's "Life of our Lord" (예수일대기) (paper. 70, limp cloth .90, cloth boards 1.00) but he said that a parallel harmony was not what he wanted. He was after a life of Christ that would be told in Scriptural language, but told in running, consecutive form. At the time, I knew of nothing of the kind, even in English, so was not able to be of much help to him. If he were to ask me the same question now, however, I should recommend to him "His Life" (예수사기 .10) which would exactly fill the bill as he presented it. This is a Korean style bound book, a translation of a little book prepared by three American ministers, with the assistance of fifteen other brother-pastors, and is arranged in about the order I find in Robertson's Harmony of the Gospels on my desk. In other words, there has been no attempt to delete or arrange to fit an editor's notion of the fitness of things. Aside from the Prologue of Luke's Gospel and the two genealogies, I think everything in the four Gospels has been included in logical order, though without chapter-verse numbers. The interweaving of the various Gospel strands is ingeniously done, but without inserting any words not in Scriptures. For example, the first sentence of Part II, Section 3, is "Then straightway was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and he was with the wild beasts, and did eat nothing in those days." Let me disentangle that for you. "Then (Matt.) straightway

(Mark) was-devil (Matt) and—beast (Mark) and—days (Luke)." And yet the whole thing is Scripture, and the facts stated are the plain facts as told by the Gospel writers themselves. This is fast becoming one of the best-sellers in my district, and I think you will find it worth recommending to your own Korean friends. If you want to secure a copy in English, order "His Life" by Barton, Soares, and Strong, published by the Hope Publishing Company, Chicago.

It is my experience that biography and commentaries do not sell well in Korea. If your experience belies mine, I am very glad, for you have only to think over the list of books on the lives of great men that have meant much to you to realize what unmined riches lie in store for our Korean associates when they awake to their possibilities. One book of real worth in the field of biography is "The Life of Dwight L. Moody" (무디행술) (paper. 70, cloth. 90) written by his son. This year, there have been many articles on the life and work of this great man of God appearing in all our English religious papers and it has been good for us to recall his work and zeal. Can you not do your best to encourage the reading of this life of Moody by those with whom you work? Chapters on his method in the Question Hour, in the inquiry room, and in the preparation of his sermons, etc., are particularly interesting and suggestive. Surely Korea needs, today, such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit as made Mood a man for God.

Several years ago, a book appeared under the title, "The March of Eleven Men", written in a vividly dramatic style, sketching the "march" of the Eleven Disciples of Jesus down the avenues of history, changing the social outlook of society as they marched. The thought of this book was in my mind as I read Dr. C. A. Clark's "Christian Social

Service" (교회사회사업) (.45) The book calls attention to the duty of Christians in relation to the social needs about them without going to the extreme of recommending the substitution of good work for more fundamental things. Some of the chapter heads may interest you. The Church's Responsibility for the Economic Life of the People; Orphans and the Aged; Responsibility for the Sick, the lepers, the blind, the tubercular; the Church's Duty in Regard to Temperance; the Amusement Question. You will recognize these at

once as being important issues, the proper solution of which has raised much warm debate in many quarters. Has the follower of Jesus Christ anything to do with those issues? If so, what means shall he use for curing these ills? If we are not to pass by on the other side, just how are we rightly to play the Good Samaritan? This book, like most of Dr. Clark's books is written to treat practical situations in as practical a manner as possible. Read it and pass it on.

What The Gospel Means

T. STANLEY SOLTAU

AN EXPERIENCE A short time ago brought home to me afresh the meaning of the Gospel and the glorious reality of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

We were on our way up the "Mountain which Reaches to Heaven", the highest and steepest pass in the whole province. It was my semi-annual itinerating trip to visit the little group of believers which meets in its little church building perched high up on the very steep mountain sides in as "unlikely" a spot as one could well imagine.

As the evangelist in charge of the circuit and I walked on past one of the rude country inns in the tiny village near the foot of the mountain, a young man stepped out and greeted us, volunteering as he did so, the information that old Deacon Kim, 71 years of age, was critically ill and had sent for one of his married daughters whom he himself was now escorting to the old man's home. They had stopped in the inn for lunch but we decided to press on for another two miles before eating so as to be fresher for the long stiff climb up the mountain side. Feeling rather tired as the result of a heavy cold, I took advantage of the opportunity to take a nap on the hot stone floor of the inn where we stop-

ped for our midday meal and subsequently we were beginning the long ascent.

As we scrambled up the steep winding trail, which zigzags up among the scrub pines and thick growths of azalea and other wild shrubs, and in many places is so steep that a cow which is the usual pack animal in these parts, is unable to travel it, I reminded myself of my first meeting with Deacon Kim and recounted my impressions and experiences to the young evangelist who was with me and who had recently been put in charge of that circuit. My friendship with the old man dated back some 7 or 6 years before to the time when I had first wended my way into those mountains in response to a message received to the effect that there were a few scattered Christians who wished to be organized into a church and who were very anxious that the foreign missionary should visit them. Not knowing the way nor the nature of the country, I persuaded a man to accompany me who had but recently become interested in the Gospel himself and had professed conversion. We had found snow waist deep on the top of the pass and the trail very icy. Neither of us having travelled that way before, we had taken a longer route and arrived long after dark. We had slipped and fallen again and again and my load coolies had suffered so

with frozen toes that they had been unable to carry their packs all the way up to the top. Deacon Kim, who was then well over 60 years of age, had welcomed me and entertained me in his own home—a little mud hut built on a narrow shelf dug out of the side of the mountain. The doors, made of heavy paper pasted over a wooden frame, were so low that we had to fairly crawl in, and the interior, lit up by the tiny, smoking flame of a diminutive oil lamp, looked far more like that of a cave than of a house. We had been offered steaming bowls of potatoes and millet, the regular mountain fare, and in his desire to be hospitable, the old man had brought in spite of my protestations, a charcoal fire to warm us up; and the poisonous fumes from it had soon brought a splitting headache. We had not been expected and the only other Christian family in the near vicinity was very much concerned over the eldest son, a boy of 18, whom we found lying on the floor barely conscious and suffering acutely from a violent fever. Under the circumstances no real meeting was possible that night and we were able to have only a little prayer service the following morning before leaving, but the contact made at that time had resulted in my climbing the steep mountain trail twice a year ever since and a little church building with a congregation of about 20 has been the outcome of that visit.

We arrived at dusk to find the old man lying on the floor breathing heavily and barely conscious. He had been delighted to see his daughter who had arrived about an hour previously and had apparently expired soon afterwards but had been aroused by his family who told him that we would shortly appear and he had been impatient for our coming. We bent over him and made ourselves known. "Deacon Kim", I said, "Are you trusting?" "Yes". "On whom?" "On my Saviour" was the laboured reply. "Do you know where you are going?" "Yes, to heaven". "Are you all ready?" "Yes, quite ready", and we knelt in prayer around him and committed him to God. At his request he was then lifted up into a

sitting position and held in the arms of his son-in-law. He recognised both me and the evangelist in the dim light of the smoky little lamp. We sat and watched him for a few minutes until it was suggested that I would like to go down to the church and rest and have some supper. After my departure the evangelist sang a hymn to the old man and having prayed with him, stepped into the adjoining room to eat his supper. He had barely left the room when with a sigh all the sufferings ceased and the spirit of Deacon Kim returned to its maker.

The family was desperately poor, as is every one in that region. The widow and three daughters sat up all night washing the one suit of clothes which the old man possessed and which he had been wearing up to the end. No coffin was available and so the body was wrapped in rice straw the following morning and strapped on to the crude bier to be carried down on the shoulders of his friends to the cemetery below. I conducted the funeral service out in front of the house before a little group of 15 or 20 of the nearest neighbours, half of whom were probably listening to the Word of God for the first time in their lives.

As we came down the mountain I again thanked God for the glorious and sure hope of the Gospel of His Son, which is able to transform the last moments of life, even in a little mountain hut amid surroundings of the direst poverty, and make of such a triumphant entrance into the Presence of the King of kings.

By way of contrast, just two evenings later I visited the home of the man who had accompanied me on my first visit. He had slipped back into sin and was living a life of vile immorality and extortion and had been stricken with disease. He assured me that he would meet me in the church on my next visit and would present himself for full membership, but his tones lacked sincerity and only a few days later I received word that he had passed away, unrepentant, and was buried according to heathen rites.

The Protestant Church in Chosen

By Y. H. KIM

The Evangelistic Center in Seoul has been planning to construct a new building in order to meet the need for the great progress of various activities. The original plan was to have a building of ₩140,000, but on account of the rising cost of building materials, it is estimated that ₩170,000 is needed for the same building. Since there is around ₩100,000 set aside for the plan, the residue ₩70,000 should be contributed by the generous public. When the new building is completed, the full activities of the Center will help immensely the cause of the Church.

A meeting in honor of Dr. M. B. Stokes who has served and is still serving the Mission for these thirty years, was held at the Chulwon Methodist Church on May 24. Many appreciative speeches were made for his great service in evangelism and religious education in Korea. The fine church building of Chulwon now near its completion, is one of the recent monumental works of this pioneer. Another meeting of the same nature was held for Dr. B. W. Billings on the next evening on the lawn of the Women's Theological Seminary. Dr. Billings has made lasting contributions in the educational field. The establishment of student Y. M. C. As. at public colleges in Seoul, were due to the Bible classes conducted by Dr. Billings. Appreciative greetings and addresses were delivered by pastors and educational workers who were trained by him.

Mr. Pak Seung-yub, a Christian young man in Pyongyang, made a gift of ₩20,000 for a scholarship fund to Kwangsung Higher Common School. He stated that the yearly income of the said fund should be used for sending two graduates of the schools to a higher institution. Mr. Pak was once a student in the Commercial Department of the Chosen Christian College, and is now a successful business man in the rubber factory in Pyongyang.

An interesting anonymous gift was made to the Seoul Orphanage, which is directed by prominent Christians, by a man who apparently lives in Pyongyang, since his letter had the past mark of the city. The amount was ₩2,572.81 and the donation was stated to be the exact one tenth of his whole fortune. It is not certain whether he is a church attendant or not, but his generosity which is shown in the gift, surely originated from Christian spirit.

The grand beautiful new Central Methodist Church of Wonsan, was completed after one year's construction, and the dedication service was held on June 1.

necessary fund of thirty-five thousand yen, of which twenty thousand yen were given by the Mission of the Southern Methodist Church through the earnest effort of Rev. C. N. Weems, and the residue was raised by the local church members. This is the very church from which the fire of the great revival of Korean Churches in 1904, kindled, spreading all over the country. Now the church is one of the outstanding churches in Korea, being true to its history and tradition. The church has a membership of 644 with an annual budget of ₩3,476. The fine building of three stories with spacious rooms for an ideal Sunday School and young people's gatherings beside the main and necessary equipment for a house of worship, will help immensely in the propagation and uplift of the Christian movement in the ever-growing city of Wonsan.

Another fine church edifice was completed in the South of Korea. The Andong Presbyterian Church has been working for this building for many years and the committee especially appointed has been working devotedly to raise enough funds for the plan. The work began early in the spring of 1936, and cost twenty-three thousand yen. It is gratifying to see that the earnest prayers of devoted members are finally realized and their dreams coming true. A beautiful dedicatory service was held in the new church in the early part of last month.

It is a known fact that the Mission of the Southern Presbyterian Church decided to discontinue its educational work. These ten schools under its control, therefore, did not admit new students in April. The church members of the church did not show an official reaction towards this decision, but when the Presbytery of the South Chuna Province met in Kwangju in May, the numbers expressed the opinion that Korean Presbyterians could not see the educational work of the Mission discontinued. They drew a petition to local missionaries as well as to the Board of Missions wishing that some way could be reasonably found for continuing the educational work of the church. The church itself would bear the burden which might be necessary. The committee which was appointed by the Presbytery, handed the petition to the chairman of the local educational committee of missionaries, wishing that the petition be presented to the Headquarters of the Mother Church.

The seventh summer conference for Sunday School teachers and religious workers of the Korea Methodist Church will be held at On-chung-ni at the foot of the

Diamond Mountains, from July 28 to August 3. The conference has been a great blessing to those attending. The fellowship, lectures and devotion which they shared have been the source of inspiration. The attendance has been increasing yearly. This year there will be illuminating lectures on the great personalities in the history of the Christian movement.

Miss Lee Chungai, Matron of Ewha College, a long experienced nurse, will sail in the early part of July for London, where the Seventh World Convention of Nurses will meet. The convention is scheduled for a week beginning July 19. Miss Lee will represent all nurses in Korea, and especially she will report to the convention in regard to the activities of Korean nurses for the advancement of health in this country.

Miss Mary Thomas, Hoiryung, has returned from Shanghai where she met her parents, Rev. and Mrs. John Thomas, former missionaries in Korea, her sister Mrs. Boyd McRory, and the Asbury College quartett. This party from Wilmore, Kentucky, during the past year have made an evangelistic tour travelling through the British Isles, India and South Africa. They are spending the summer at Wonsan Beach and they are making a splendid contribution the community life.

Editor's Notes

Our readers no doubt noticed that one page was missing from the July number. At the suggestion of the authorities we have changed the title to, The Protestant Church in Chosen, and will confine the material on that page to information regarding the Church and missions. I have expressed to Dr. Kim, Librarian of Ewha College for Women, our appreciation of his article for this page each month. We very much hope that it can be continued in revised form under the new heading.

During the summer months many missionaries are "going on" or "returning from" furlough. Nearly all the articles this month have some relation to furloughs or to furloughed and retired missionaries.

The Rev. C. A. Sauer of the Methodist Episcopal Mission has just returned from furlough. He first came to Korea in 1921 and is now located in Seoul in the Religious Education Department of the Korean Methodist Church.

R. M. Wilson, M. D. of the Southern Presbyterian Mission since 1908, will be returning from furlough in August. For many years he has been in charge of one of the Leper Colonies in Corea now located on the west coast about fourteen miles from Soonchun.

The Revs. F. S. Miller, T. S. Soltau, and A. D. Clark are members of the Northern Presbyterian Mission in Chungju. Mr. Miller was the founder of the Station over thirty years ago and is now retired. Mr.

Soltau has just left on furlough via Siberia. During the past year he was Chairman of the Executive Committee of his Mission. Mr. Clark is a "junior missionary" of the "second generation" as is also Mrs. Clark.

The other writers have been introduced by an introductory paragraph to each article.

Notes and Personals

Northern Presbyterian Mission

Left on short leave

H. H. Underwood, Ph. D., LL. D., President, Chosen Christian College, Seoul.

Visitor

Miss Dean of the South China Mission spent six weeks in Korea, visiting her sister, Mrs. F. S. Miller, Chungju.

Southern Presbyterian Mission

Visitors

Miss Miriam Preston, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Preston, Soon Chun, Kentucky.

Miss M. Hall, Belmont, N. C.

Returned from furlough

Dr. and Mrs. L. K. Boggs, Chungju.

United Church of Canada Mission

Left on Furlough

Mrs. E. J. O. Fraser and sons Clarence and John, Wonsan.

Mr. Fraser will follow in September.

Left to attend Nurses' Conference in London, England: Miss Ada Sandell, R. N., Hamheung.

Left for Japanese Language study in Tokyo: Miss F. Bonwick, M. A., Lungchingsun.

Pyongyang Foreign School

Left for U. S. A.

Mr. Albert Ross.

Y. M. C. A.

Left on Furlough

Mr. & Mrs. B. P. Barnhart and children, Seoul.

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